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LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

THE PARISIAN.

NO one ever saw a summer evening in Provence without pleasure; but a father only can judge of the delight it brings when its mild and beautiful hour is appointed for the arrival of a darling child. The Baron de Salency was seated in such an hour under the light colonnade which fronted his chateau, watching every swell of the superb river before him, and imagining he heard the oars of the boatmen sent to bring his only grand-daughter to her paternal home. "How much delight I expect from Henrielle's society!" he said, as the Baroness leaned on his chair—"this lovely hour has always appeared to me the richest picture of a kind father's old age. Henrielle is young, and has been instructed to love us; we shall easily shape her mind according to our wishes; and now at least, in the second generation of our offspring, we have had experience enough to blend what is best in our contrary opinions."

"Certainly," replied the Baroness, raising herself into a haughtier attitude, "you may find ample scope for your experiments in a child educated we know not where or how! We must atone for the folly of our son's rash marriage, by

qualifying his daughter for a splendid entrance into life. Sprightly wit, talents for exhibition, and an imposing demeanour, are the stage-effect or decoration of a woman's virtue. Like the trampoline-board our opera-dancers use, none rise high without it." A boat, whose progress had been concealed by the shrubby edges of the river, now touched the landing-place, and a young person in deep mourning approached the colonnade, alone and trembling. The Baron and Baroness met her with a gracious air of encouragement; but the timid stranger only kissed their hands in tears and silence. "Where," said her grandmother, "is the letter promised by our son?"—Henrielle cast down her eyes weeping, and answered, after a long hesitation, "Ah, madam! all is lost—the letter—the jewels—all that my father gave me as testimonials in my favour were stolen last night.—Urgent inquiries followed this confession, but she could only inform her hearers that she had travelled from Paris under the escort of a notary and a female servant long employed by her father. Both had accompanied her to Arles, where she slept, expecting their attendance till they reached the Chateau

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de Salency; and both departed during the night with the small ivory box which contained her treasure. The Baron heard this strange narrative without comment; and his wife coldly receding a few steps, took an exact and stern survey of her supposed grand-daughter. But the ominous pause was interrupted by the arrival of a cabriole, from whence a lovely young woman sprang, and threw herself at the Baroness de Salency's feet. "From whom do I receive this gracious homage?" said the Baroness, smiling on her beautiful visitor.—"From your grand-daughter, Henrielle de Salency!—I see my father in your countenance, and my homage here can never be misplaced—" Then drawing a sealed letter from her bosom, she presented it to the Baron with an exquisite grace which insured the kindness it solicited. He saw the hand-writing of a beloved son, the most powerful testimonial in favour of the bearer, whose features perfectly resembled his. She had the same brilliant jet-black eyes, the same full half-opening lips covered with the richest vermilion, and a smile expressing the very spirit of innocence. The Baron extended his arms to welcome the grand-child his heart acknowledged, forgetting at that instant the forlorn stranger he had already received; but his wife, with a sneer which seemed to commend her own superiour sagacity, exclaimed—"Do you know this impostor, Mademoiselle de Salency?"—As if that title had belonged to her, the first claimant advanced to speak, looked earnestly at her opponent, and covered her face. The second Henrielle laid her hands on her grand-father, and, throwing back the rich ringlets which shaded her large bright eyes, whispered, "Do not overwhelm her with reproaches. She is the daughter of an artful woman who nursed me in

my childhood, and knew all my mother's family concerns. She left me suddenly on the road from Paris, but not before she had twice attempted to steal this casket, which contains my father's portrait, and documents sufficient, perhaps, to have supported an imposture."—At the sight of this important casket in her rival's hand, the pretended Henrielle gave a cry of agony, and fainted. The Baroness led her acknowledged grand-daughter to another apartment; her husband followed after a short interval, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to inquiries which their Henrielle answered with the promptitude of truth and the grace of polished suavity. When they had retired to their own apartment, the Baroness inquired if he had consigned the intruder to the correctional police—"No, madam; I have a fitter tribunal, I think in my own heart."—"Can you doubt the baseness of a stratagem so obvious and ill-sustained?"—"I doubt nothing, Baroness, so often as the accuracy of human judgment. If this unhappy stranger has been swayed by the criminal ambition and authority of her mother, let us ascribe the heaviest portion of her crime to her instructor; if she has been the pupil of fraud and avarice, let us try the influence of generous tuition."—"Under my roof!" retorted the Baroness, with a glance of scorn:—her husband answered by leading her towards an exquisite piece of sculpture representing the celebrated Grecian mother recalling her truant child from the edge of a precipice by displaying her bountiful bosom. "This Greek fable, Adelaide, is memorable, because it teaches us how to retrieve a wanderer—not by frowns, but by the milk of human kindness. And the Shakspeare of English divines says truly—"the young tendrils and early blossoms of the mind hardly bear

a breath, but when age has hardened them into a stem, they may meet a storm unbroken.' He spoke of love, but he might have said this of virtue. We will remember it; and, since there are gentle feelings in the supposed impostor, they shall be fostered by kindness. The cloak of fraud is aptest to fall off when the heart is warmed."

"It is torn away already!" interrupted the Baroness. "The letter—the casket—the documents it contained—all or any one of these was sufficient to detect her. And Henrielle's beautiful resemblance to her father——" "We shall see," rejoined M. de Salency, "how far it extends. This incident will acquaint us with her heart; and if it knows how to pity error, it is not capable of many." The Baroness took refuge in sleep, but her husband remained in uneasy musings on the peril of deciding between the two claimants. His son, the most infallible arbiter, was no longer in France, and many months might elapse before he could answer an appeal, even if the chances of war permitted him to receive it. Henry de Salency, the father of Henrielle, had been a husband and a widower unknown to his parents, and had not ventured to recommend his only daughter to their care till his departure on a distant and dangerous expedition had softened the pride of his mother, and left his father desolate. Tender to whatever claimed affinity with this beloved son, the Baron determined that even the soi-disant Henrielle should not be abandoned to poverty and shame. None of his domesticks knew with what pretensions she had arrived, and she might be retained among them as an attendant on his acknowledged grand-daughter; an office suffi-

ciently abject to punish her presumption, yet indulgent enough to encourage reformation. In the morning this decree was announced. The offender heard it with a start of surprise, followed by a glow perhaps of gratitude, at a sentence milder than the publick dismissal she had probably expected. Henrielle exclaimed, with a pleading smile, "I shall be charmed to retain my foster-mother's daughter near me. She often spoke of her Henriana, and the Baron will allow me to give you that name, tho' it resembles mine too nearly."—"Certainly I consent," he answered, "but my plan must be changed to suit it. She shall be retained as your companion, not your soubrette; for no name that resembles my son's ought to be connected with ignominy."

Madame de Salency expressed her opinion of this change by indignant frowns, and in private by severe expostulations.—Her husband only answered drily, "Recollect, we have not yet identified our grand-daughter."—But the Baroness acted as if the identity was beyond dispute, and Paris was soon employed in praising the splendid debüt of the heiress. Her wit, her graces, and her accomplishments, were the theme of its highest circles, and certainly vouched for the elegant education she professed to have received from her mother, of whom she often spoke with lavish praise. But Henriana, when questioned respecting her's, only answered, "I never wish to speak of my mother—She had so many virtues which I never understood till now, so many cares for me that I might have repaid better—my deepest grief is to remember her."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

MONTICELLI.O.

(From the MS. Journal of a late Tour on the Continent.)

From the Literary Gazette.

WE had returned from our excursion on the lake with something like a determination, not the less sincere for its being less "loud than deep," to look for no more raptures in water excursions;—but the evenings in this country are so proverbially fine, that one easily forgets the rufflings of the day. The sun was going down as we ascended the hill to the *Casa Cavaletti*, and, without the usual raptures on orange skies and perfumed airs, the sight from the summit was most noble, various, and picturesque. This is the land of colours, and the landscape was an immense panorama, tinged in long sweeps of radiance, as if each was the division of a map. Lombardy lay before us on the left, an endless expansion of the green of vineyard and fruit gardens; then came the true Italian view of hills, touched with crimson lights, and in the intervals glimpses of three or four remote lakes, that looked like sheets of sanguined steel. In front the sun was stooping in full glory upon Milan, and the dome of the Cathedral rose among heavy purple clouds, like a pillar of gold;—the Bolognese hills were the relief of this magnificent foreground, and they had the additional depth of being loaded with what seemed a growing thunderstorm. To all this nothing was wanting but a group of banditti, or a procession of pilgrims; and, as Fortune would have it, we were suddenly called from our ærial contemplations to look upon what might have been taken for either. Our guide, whom we sent to reconnoitre, soon returned, and told us that they were redeemed slaves from Algiers. They seemed a very ferocious troop; we however, were numerous enough not to feel much alarm, and waited for their coming, which was preluded by a general *Viva* for the Bravi Inglesi. They were about 40; some of them had been long in slavery, and bore the marks of an African sun in their stained and withered complexions. We soon grew excellent friends, and heard a multitude of stories of the attack under Lord Exmouth,—unmeasured praise of English gallantry, and some strong descriptions of the desperation of the Moors, and the slaughter within the walls. We were generous, as they called it and, before parting, they gave specimen of their gratitude. They produced two women, whom in defiance of all the laws of Algiers and Mahommed, they had smuggled away, in the general confusion of their departure, and we were honoured with a dance. The sun was now setting, and we became impatient of lingering among the hills, and rather suspicious of night in such company. However, they insisted that they should be permitted the honour of exhibiting their finest specimen of African accomplishment. They ranged themselves into two parties, with the exception of ten or twelve, who did not consider themselves equal to the display. A few moments were enough for them to bind their sashes round their heads into some resemblance of a turbun; their cloaks were flung scarfed round their shoulders, and we found ourselves in the presence of what might be easily mistaken for a band of travelling Moors. They had contrived to preserve some mandolines and a wild kind of horn in use among the shepherds on the borders of the desert. They found out a level spot on the hill-

side, and commenced with a species of chorus and confused dance. This soon ceased, and they divided. One of the females headed each party. We were standing below, and with our backs to the sun. The unemployed slaves were scattered round the edge of the circle, wrapped in their brown cloaks, that reached to the ground, and with their fixed dark faces and unmoving figures, like so many monuments of stone. The sun was now touching the horizon, and broad gleams of fiery light were struggling through the heavy clouds that were rolling downwards to the hill. In the midst of a sudden glare of rose-coloured and sanguine radiance, one of the women advanced from the centre of the dancers, who were grouped on the summit. She was a tall and stately figure, and must have once been very handsome. A Greek and stern profile, bold and rapidly-moving eyebrows, large eyes of the deepest black, a cheek of artificial crimson, and a mouth of such dimpled sweetness as strangely contrasted with the haughty and tragick expression of her general physiognomy. We afterwards learned that she was a Turkess who had been sent among the menials of the Haram for some act of violence or revenge. She declaimed a soliloquy of which we did not understand one word, for it was in Arabick. She frequently pointed to the Heavens, then cast her eyes round, paused, listened, then gazed upwards as if she saw some descending wonder; this closed with a prostration. A painter might have made a noble study of this subject, with the wild gesture and illumined figure, the scarlet shawl that crowned her brow, like a wreath of fire in the sun, and her countenance alternately brightening and darkening as if with the spell within. She might have stood for a Cassandra. As she rose the two

parties commenced singing in turn, and with the same style of gesture, turning from Earth to Heaven. This singular pantomime was to represent the transmission of Mohammed's sword from the upper world; and, whether from the vengeance of their Moorish masters, or its intrinsic beauty, had been one of the tasks imposed on such of the slaves as exhibited any "musick in their souls" to learn. The chorus, heard at another time and place, might not have produced any very extravagant admiration, and its instrumental part was miserable; but heard under all the circumstances, even the chime of the mandolines, and the sad and deep notes of the desert horn, breaking in among voices that in all their captivity were Italian, seemed, in that place of solitude, and in the presence of the beings who had themselves undergone the "perils by fire, and flood, and chains o' the Moor," made up, as we all subsequently agreed, the most powerful effect that we had ever experienced from musick. On parting they gave us the words of their chant, which I send you versified, from a literal translation by our friend H—.

THE PROPHET'S SCYMITAR.

I see a tempest in the sky,
The clouds are rushing wild and high!
'Tis dark—and darker still! The moon
Is wan—is fiery red—is gone;
Along the horizon's edge a ring
Of fearful light hangs wavering.
Yet all beneath, around, is still,
All as entranc'd—lake, vale, and hill.
Hark to the thunder-peal!—'Tis past,
Scarcely echoing on the upward blast:
The lightnings upward to the pole
Roll gorgeous;—not for us they roll.
Things in that tossing sky have birth
This hour, that bear no stain of earth.

* * * * *

The storm descends again!—the peal—
The lightning's hiss—the whirlwind's swell
At once come deepening on the ear:
The cloud is now a sanguine sphere,
That, down a cataract of light,
Shoots from the summit of the night;
And glorious shapes along its verge,
Like meteors flash, ascend, immerge.

The broad, black Heav'n is awed and calm,
The earth sends up its incense-balm,
The cloud-wreath folds the mountain's brow,
The lake's long billow sinks below,
All slumbering, far as eye can gaze!
In sapphire—one blue, mystick blaze!

* * * * *

They come!—Whence swept that sound,
so near,

So sweet, it pains the mortal ear?
A sound that on the spirit flings
A spell, to open all its springs.
(That sound thou'lt hear no more, till rise
Thine own white wings in Paradise.)
List to the song the Genii pour,
As from yon airy isle they soar,
Chanting alternate, height o'er height,
Halo on halo, diamond bright,—
The strain that told, from star to star,
They brought the talisman of war,
The Prophet's matchless Scymitar!

GENIE.

Allah il Allah!—high in Heaven,
Might to the MIGHTIEST be given!
Mohammed, Prophet, Prince, be thine
On earth Dominion's master-sign!
On thy bold brow no jewell'd band—
No sceptre in thy red right-hand?—
Forth—and fulfil thy destiny!
The Scymitar descends for thee.

CHORUS.

Hail, holy Scymitar! thy steel
Is lightning's flash, and thunder's peal!

GENIE.

Nor mortal force, nor early flame
Wake in the mine its mighty frame:
Its mine was in the tempest's gloom,
Its forge was in the thunder's womb.
To give its hue, the eclipsing moon
In brief and bloody splendour shone;—
The comet, rushing from its steep,
Trac'd thro' the Heav'n the steel's broad
sweep.

CHORUS.

Prince of the starry diadem,
Where found its blade the burning gleam?

GENIE.

'Twas edged upon the living stone
That lights the tomb of Solomon;
Then, rising, temper'd in the wave
That floats thro' Mecca's holy cave.
Above—upon its hilt were graven
The potent characters of Heaven;
Then, on the footsteps of the THRONE
'Twas laid;—it blaz'd, the charm was done.

CHORUS.

Now, wo to helm, and wo to shield,
That meets it rushing o'er the field,
Like dust before its edge shall fail
The temper'd sword, the solid mail;
Till like a star its glories swell
In terrors on the infidel;—
A sun, foredoom'd to pour its rays
Till earth is burning in its blaze! C.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(From the same.)

Description of the Mountaineers of Suli, in Epirus, after their Conquest by Ali Pacha of Joannina.

THE mountaineers of Suli had, from their retired situation, assumed the character of a peculiar tribe. They inhabited ten or twelve large villages, the most considerable of which might perhaps be a mile distant from the fortress of Suli. They were originally Albanians, of the tribe of the Tzamides. The majority of their former countrymen had turned Mahometans; but they had retained the Christian religion, though much disfigured, and adapted to their situation. Their number scarcely exceeded 12,000, of which the third or fourth

part were capable of bearing arms. They were distinguished from all the other Albanians, by their rudeness and invincible courage. The Suliot women shared the employments and dangers of their husbands, and sustained all the inconveniencies of an unquiet life. It is said that the women were allowed to draw water from a certain fountain in succession, and in the same order as their husbands had gained glory in war; and in the war which Ali Pacha had with these mountaineers, their women performed actions which would have done honour to men.

Yet, in describing the Suliots, we must not forget that they are

robbers, who have become by degrees warriors, and joined some virtues with savageness and pillage. They were the terror of Southern Albania. When they descended from their mountains, seeking revenge and plunder, the whole country trembled. Their own vallies were visited by nobody; neither friend nor enemy dared to come near them. They were never subject to the Turkish rulers of Albania; but Ali Pacha could not endure the thought that a tribe so near him should defy his authority with impunity, and even extend their robberies almost to his capital. His first attempts were weak and limited; in proportion as his power increased, he rendered himself more formidable to them; he continued the war from year to year, and, though the events are of little importance, there is not one which is not celebrated in some Albanese song. He at length attacked the Suliots with great force, it is said 18,000 men, the command of which he gave to his sons Mouctar and Véli, and at last succeeded in making himself master of an elevated position, where he established a place of security for his troops: the Suliots however, did not abandon their position, and it was only by bribing their chief that he attained his end. His soldiers penetrated into the village of Suli; but the inhabitants, led by their priests, and assisted by their wives, obstinately continued the combat. A woman named Cheito displayed the most admirable intrepidity, and one of their priests, when he saw no more hope of flight, blew up the building in which he had taken refuge. Inclosed on all sides, without prospect of escape, many cut their way through, others killed themselves, but more were cut to pieces. It is said that a crowd of women, being pushed towards a precipice, threw their children down it, devoting them to death rather than to slavery. Some found a refuge in Parga, others in Corfu, and it is said that Ali Pacha, dreading the effects of their despair, connived at their flight, although it had been his intention to extirpate the whole tribe; for he destroyed their villages, and peopled the few habitations which he had left with Albanians. It is now ten years since this war took place, and yet people are still full of the heroism and the stratagems of which it gave birth.

JOURNEY TO MOUNT ETNA.*

(From the same.)

----- **WE** rode towards Etna. The day was fine, but the sun burned hotly,

* Undertaken from Catania, by three Germans and one Englishman, on the 30th and 31st of May, and 1st and 2d of June 1815. Specimen of a Tour thro' Italy and Sicily, which was made in the years 1813 and 1814, by Professor Kephallides, in Breslaw, provided with all the previous knowledge, and all the qualifications of an observant traveller. This tour, illustrated with maps, is expected to appear at the Leipzig fair at Easter.

and our mules carried us very slowly up the mountain, on the difficult, slippery, and sandy way. We at last saw beneath us the pleasant town of Catania, where we had lived so happily, and the broad expanse of the sea, though the edge of it seemed to rise gradually towardsthe horizon. Our Catanian landlord, and a sumpter-horse to carry the provisions, followed us.

These lava fields are known to be prodigiously fertile, and from their black bosom rises without in-

terruption the richest luxuriance of the southern vegetation. Hence it is that we find on this dangerous crust of lava the most flourishing, nay the only villages in Sicily, and for the twelve miles from Catania to the last village called Nicolosi, pass through nothing but blooming gardens and prosperous towns; but on the other hand this first part of the road, in the cultivated region of Etna,† is rendered disagreeable from being entirely confined between the walls of vineyards. About half a mile below Nicolosi, the black grey lava sand begins to cover the earth with mourning up to the summit of the volcano, a distance of about twenty miles, and presents an infinitely gloomy, and almost terrifying sight. Not far from the village, there lies a very deep extinguished crater, which threw out fire about three centuries ago.

Towards evening we arrived at Nicolosi, and found a most kind and hospitable reception in the house of Don Mario Gemmellaro, the Intendant and Physician of the place. This very amiable man, equally estimable for his modesty and his knowledge, is so interesting to every traveller to Etna, that we hope some account of him may be acceptable.

Whoever ascends Etna on the side of Catania, must either stop at the convent of San Nicolosi d'Arena, near Nicolosi, or apply in the village itself, to the hospitality of Mr Gemmellaro, who has always the goodness to lend a room to travellers. We should advise every body to adopt the latter course, because the advice of this gentleman, who for these fifteen years has ob-

† The inhabitants of Etna divide their mountain into three regions: *regione colta*, *regione nemorosa*, *regione nevosa*, or *discoperta*.

served the volcano with remarkable interest and zeal, will be of the greatest service to every sensible person. Before the year 1804, he had built a small house near the Philosopher's Tower (about three quarters of a league below the high crater) to protect travellers from snow, hail, and storms, when an English officer, Lord Forbes, having experienced the advantage of such a shelter, induced Don Mario, by promising to open a subscription among his countrymen on the island, to build a convenient house for travellers, as well as a stable for sumpter-horses and mules. This little building, which was finished the same year, will be appreciated at its full value by every one, who, after suffering from the wind, ice, and cold, arrives at the cone of the volcano. The English call this little asylum "The house of the English;" but the inhabitants of Etna give it the name of "The house of Gemmellaro," (*Casadi Gemmellaro*) as he was at the chief expense and trouble in erecting it. Every traveller receives the keys gratis. Gemmellaro's house lies close to the lava eruption of the year 1787, and at the mouth of the crater of the year 1669, which swallowed up the cone of the volcano. Gemmellaro and his faithful companion, Antonio Barbagallo, have traversed this remarkable mountain with indefatigable labour; and the former would, without doubt, be able to give a better account of this volcano than Ferraro, who never went up Etna.

After a short repose, we set out at near ten o'clock at night, accompanied by one guide, riding on a mule, and a second on foot. We stumbled over the very fatiguing way through the woody region, (*regione nemorosa*) in a dark night, upon our mules, without meeting any accident; thanks to our sagacious animals that we did not break our necks in these intricate narrow

paths among the lava rocks. At length the moon emerged from the clouds, and her pale light displayed at an immeasurable depth below us the bright mirror of the sun.

We now arrived in the snowy region. (*regione nevosa*) when suddenly the sky was covered with black tempestuous clouds, and the bleak air benumbed us. We could not now hope to see the sun rise, for the sake of which we had pushed so briskly forward; for this reason, and from having suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, we resolved to rest ourselves in the lava cavern, called Grotta del Castelluccio. After we had taken a cheerful breakfast, though with chattering teeth, we continued to wade through the immense field of volcanick ashes,—the Grotta del Castelluccio lying two hours below the crater. At length, the sun rising from the sea, amidst the stormy clouds, illumined the frightful wilderness, which we had not yet perfectly seen. All vegetation, except green tufts of moss, had long been passed: surrounded with clouds and smoke, we proceeded, sometimes over white fields of snow, sometimes through a black sea of ashes, towards the summit, unable to see above fifty steps before us. In this way we had advanced about a thousand paces from Gemmellaro's house, when suddenly our English companion began to groan terribly, and fell from his mule into the arms of the guide. This unlucky event, in the gloomy solitude, and amidst the clouds of smoke, embarrassed us not a little, and of course put an end to our Etna journey for the present; for what were we to do with our sick companion? Our little stock of wine, which might, perhaps, have refreshed him, we had left in the cavern Del Castelluccio; and as the chief cause of his illness was the rarified air, and the extraordinary change of temperature

from 27° of heat to freezing, it would have been folly to proceed further up to Gemmellaro's empty house. After he had recovered himself a little, therefore we covered him with mantles, and carried him, as he was not able to ride on his mule, down to the Grotta del Castelluccio. Here he was again taken so ill, and fainted so often, that we thought him dying. However, an hour's sleep, and the warm and denser air braced him so much, that he was able to proceed with us to Nicolosi.

The following day, at seven in the morning, we were awaked by the bright beams of the sun; the sky was serene, and blue. A perpendicular column of smoke rose from Etna into the air. We got ourselves ready in haste, and, to the astonishment of the good Gemmellaro, and every body at Nicolosi, we were mounted in an hour for the third time, to try our fortune once more against the volcano, which had hitherto been so impracticable to our wishes. Accompanied by the friendly, sensible, and bold guide, Antonino Barbagallo, we left Nicolosi, and rode without stopping past the lava beds, to the Goat's Cavern, at the end of the woody region. Here, under the agreeable shade of the oaks, we took a slight breakfast; the lovely green of the forest, blended with the purest azure of the heavens, and a shepherd played romantick airs on his flute, while his nimble goats grazed on a little spot, in the middle of the once fluid ocean of fire; the dark blue sea, mingled in the distance with the placid sky—Oh! what delight then filled our souls! The faithful mule carried us again thro' the intricate lava paths into the desert regions; but this time we passed without visiting the fatal Grotto del Castelluccio, to the house of Gemmellaro, sometimes full of apprehension, as the clouds began

again to cross one another rapidly ; but yet there were moments when the sky was quite clear and serene.

Here, at Gemmellaro's house, we already enjoyed a part of the heavenly prospect which awaited us, over the sea and the whole island. The clouds floated rapidly in large masses, as if to a battle ; every thing was in commotion, and, most of all, our souls. Our excellent Antonino contrived to prepare for us, in haste, a little dinner. We soon had the snow and lava fields, at the foot of the immense ash cone, behind us, and now actually ascended it ; a troublesome way, as at every step we sunk in the loose volcanick sand, losing almost as much back as we gained forwards ; but joy gave us wings. Already we had passed over the beds of yellow sulphur ; already the ground under us began to feel hot in places, and to smoke out of many hundred little craters ; while round the summit itself the clouds sometimes collected in thick masses, and sometimes allowed us to see clearly the grand object of our wishes. At last the guide, who was some steps before us, called out, " Behold here the highest crater : " these words gave us new speed, and in a few minutes we stood at the brink of this smoking caldron, the mouth of which has vomited forth mountains, some of which are larger than Vesuvius, or the Brock-en in Germany.

We instantly determined to descend into the crater, and though our resolute guide assured us beforehand, that it would now be impossible, as the smoke did not rise perpendicularly, but filled the crater, he was willing to make a trial. We followed him a little way, but the thick, almost palpable sulphureous vapour, soon involved us in a thick night, and would have burst the strongest lungs.

We then went up to the southern horn, and here lay astonished on the hot sulphur, amidst smoke, vapours, and thunder. The hot ashes burned us, the sulphurous vapours stifled us, the storm threatened to hurl us into the abyss ; our souls were scarcely equal to the irresistible force of the sublimest impressions. In the vallies beneath, full of black lava and white snow, and over the bright surface of the sea, which looked like a plane of polished steel, and seemed to lean obliquely to the sky, immense hosts of clouds sailed slowly along ; but when they came near to the volcano, the furious hurricane, in which we could scarcely keep our feet, seized them, and precipitated them with gigantick force ten thousand feet down on the plains and seas of Sicily and Italy. We then proceeded round the edge of the crater to the northern horn : and here enjoyed a prospect, which in sublimity, and overpowering grandeur, doubtless exceeds any thing that the faculties of man can conceive. The clouds of smoke rose from the crater, where the raging storm, which, like artillery, or innumerable bells, drowned every other sound, rent them asunder, and, with the rapidity of lightning, threw them into the abyss below. The pointed cone on which we stood was covered with a yellow sulphur, white salt, and black ashes. The sun appeared very strange through the yellow sulphur, and gave to this singular picture such a terrible and savage tone, that in looking only at the objects immediately surrounding us, we could not help fancying ourselves in the horrid dominion of the prince of the infernal hosts. Every where we beheld the war of the elements, desolation, and conflagration : no where a living creature, or even a blade of grass, which these contending elements had spar-

ed: What a scene must it be, when the volcano throws the column of smoke and fire, which it perhaps raises from the bottom of the sea, twenty thousand feet towards the heavens!

But if we turn our eyes to the distance, it really seems as if we beheld here all the magnificence of the earth at our feet. We overlook the vast mountain, which has itself risen out of the earth, and has produced around itself many hundred smaller ones, clothed in dark brown;—the purest azure sky reposes over the land and sea;—the triangle of Sicily stretches its points towards Italy and Africa; and we saw the sea flow round Cape Trapani. At our feet lay the bold rocks of the Eolian Islands, and from Stromboli a vast column of smoke rose above the waves. The Neptunian and Hercæan mountains, covered with the thickest forests, extended before our eyes in all their branches over the whole island. To the east we saw, as on a large map, the whole of Calabria, the Gulph of Tarento, and the Straits of Messina. But how is it possible to excite, in the mind of a person at a distance, even a faint conception of the innumerable brilliant colours of the sky, the earth, and the sea, which here almost dazzle the eye?

After we had contemplated this astonishing scene for about two hours, we quickly descended the cone to Gemmellaro's house, where we made the happiest triumphal repast that was any where celebrated at that moment,—at least at so great an elevation. Antonino then sent the sumpter horses down to the Grotto del Castellucci by the other guide; but we ourselves took the direction to the west, all with closed eyes, led by our guide, to the brink of the Valdel Bue. We have already observed that this most horrid abyss that ever our eyes beheld,

was caused by a subterraneous torrent of lava, which undermined all the mountains that stood above it;—hence the infernal brown-red colours of this precipice, which is many miles in length; and though we could not see any trace of vegetation, yet the diversity of tints was infinite. We rolled down large blocks of lava, but they broke into dust before they had fallen one half of the dreadful way, and we did not hear them strike in their descent. Compared with this horrid cleft of the lava, even the abyss of the Rhine at the Viamala, in the Grisons, is pleasant and agreeable. Here we look, as it were, into the heart of desolation. While we were still contemplating this extraordinary valley, Etna itself prepared for us a new and wonderful sight. As the sun was descending into the western sea, the gigantick shadow of the volcano projected for many miles over the blue sea, towards Italy, and then rose, like an enormous pyramid, high in the air, on the hedge of the horizon, so that the stars seemed to sparkle upon its summit.

So ended this richest and happiest day of our journey, and perhaps of our lives. We then mounted our mules, which brought us in safety over the rugged fields of lava, in profound darkness, about midnight, to Nicolosi, where the worthy Gemmellaro waited for us with impatience. Transported with our success, we filled him also with the greatest pleasure, and it was not possible for us to go to sleep. We spent the greater part of the night rejoicing with him and our brave Antonino Barbagallo.

We cannot subjoin a better Appendix to this very interesting description of one of the most magnificent scenes in Nature, than the following observations from the pen of our Countryman, whose physical

powers (as related in the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th instant) did not enable him to prosecute the arduous enterprize in which his German companions at length succeeded:—

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

No. 50, Stafford Place, Pimlico,

SIR,

21st Jan. 1818.

As I have the honour to be the Englishman referred to in an account of a "Journey to Mount Etna," in your excellent Journal of Saturday last, and being in possession of many notes and memoranda made at the time, respecting my tour through Sicily, I take the liberty of handing to you some of them which relate to the said mountain, and have the honour to remain,

Sir, Your most obedient Servant,
GEORGE RUSSELL.

OBSERVATIONS made by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL in ascending Mount Etna, on the 30th and 31st May 1815.

	o'Clock.	Degrees. Fahrenheit.
Temperature at Catania	Noon	76
In the first, or Piemontese Region	3½ P.M.	87
At Nicolosi, the last village in ascending the mountain, on the side of Catania, situated about 2750 feet above the level of the sea	6	66
Commencement of the second, or the Nemorosa Region	11½	57
Commencement of the third, or the Nevosa Region	2 A.M.	50
At the Grotto del Castelluccio	4	44
Upon the snow and lava, about 1000 pa-		

ces from the Casa Inglese, and within 1000 feet, in height, of the Cima, or top of the Crater	5½	33
Water boils on the natural or sea level	-	212
Do. at the Grotto del Castelluccio	-	200
Do. within the crater	-	190

OBSERVATIONS made by the "Three German Gentlemen," on the 2d of June 1815, and communicated by them to Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who remained too much indisposed to re-attempt the ascent of Mount Etna.

	o'Clock.	Degrees. Fahrenheit.
Nicolosi	8 A.M.	63
Commencement of the second Region	9	61
At the Grotto del Castelluccio	12 or Noon	56
At the Casa Inglese	1½ P.M.	32
At the Cima, or top of the crater	3¼ P.M.	31 sett.
Ditto	-	29½ stan.
Ditto	4 P.M.	28 do.

The circumference of Mount Etna, about 180 miles.

The height above the level of the sea, agreeably to the trigonometrical observations made in the Plains of Catania, in the year 1756, about 14,889 feet.

The distance traversed in ascending from Catania to the cima of the mountain, about 30 miles.

The diameter of the crater at the summit or cima, about 2,800 feet.

The form conical, running on three sides into the sea, and on the fourth almost insulated.

The number of persons inhabiting the sides of the mountain, upwards of 300,000.

The extent of view from the summit embraces generally the whole of Sicily, the Lipari Islands, Calabria, Malta, and the Adriatick and Mediterranean Seas, extending itself over a radius of about 156 miles.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

YANKEE.

THIS term came first into vogue in Europe at the commence-

ment of the revolution, which gave independence to the United States of America; the word is derived

from the Indian epithet, YANKOO, which signifies in the Indian language the quality of invincible courage, and was used among one of the chief tribes of North America Indians, as a name to designate them as being free and triumphant over the surrounding nations; and it was also used as the name of the chief, or king, of the tribe, to which the term applied. How absurd then is it to use this word as a term of reproach, when in truth it is a title of honour!

A PUN, IN TWO PARTS.

Old Nobbes, the famous punster, was walking in St. James's Park, when a gentleman in company with Dr. Garth coming up to him—"Nobbes, (said he,) how comes your coat to be so short?" "Pshaw, (answered he,) it will be *long enough* before I get another."

Garth knowing that King William loved a pun, notwithstanding all his dryness and gravity, the first time he was called to his Majesty—"Sir, (said he,) I'll tell your Majesty the best pun you ever heard. A friend of mine t'other day observed to Nobbes, that his coat was too short; and Nobbes replied—that it would be a *long time* before he got another." Sir Samuel was confounded when he saw no risibility moving upon the features of his Majesty, who coldly telling him he could not find out the pun, the doctor scratched his head and retired, muttering that "e'gad he was sure it was a very good story when he heard it."

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HYDE.

In 1664 Mr. BENJAMIN KEACH was tried at Aylesbury assizes, before the tool of the court, Lord Chief Justice Hyde, for writing a little book called, "*The Child's Instructor*," in which the writer opposed the doctrine of infant baptism, and maintained that laymen might preach the gospel. These were the most dangerous doctrines

contained in his book; but the Chief Justice mentioned it as an aggravating circumstance, that Keach had spoken of infant baptism in his performance in such a manner as implied, that the child of a Turk, or a Heathen, was "equal with the child of a Christian." His lordship accordingly pronounced it to be a libel, and bullied the jury till they brought in a verdict of *guilty*, which they appear to have done very unwillingly. However, on this contemptible charge Mr. Keach was fined, and twice pilloried.

A BOASTING PREACHER.

The different effects produced by pulpit eloquence are well described by the following anecdote of two French preachers:—*Le Pere Arrius* said, "When *Le Pere Bourdaloue* preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick, and tavern-keepers their bars; but when *I* preached the following year, I set all things to rights—*every man minded his own business.*"

EDWARD PRATT.

This eccentric character, who was half-brother to Lord Camden, had a remarkable tenacious memory, and was esteemed one of the first whist players in the kingdom. He remembered all the cards that were played in a hand, from an ace down to a deuce, and could recapitulate their order of playing, which he has done for a considerable wager. He dined every day *alone* at the Queen's Head, Holborn, and invariably drank a bottle of Port. He occupied chambers in Coney Court, Gray's Inn, and lived upon the highest floor to prevent any disturbance over head. His taciturnity seemed even to exceed his memory. In a voyage to the East Indies, he had not opened his lips to any person on board till they had arrived off the Cape of Good Hope; at this time one of the sailor's crying out from the top-mast head that

he saw land—"D—n the rascal, (said Pratt,) I perceived it above half an hour ago."

A GOOD WIFE.

On the south wall of — church is a monument to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married nearly 47 years, and never did *one thing* to disoblige her husband.

A RUSSIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

From the Manuscripts of Dr. Birch, in the British Museum.

There are twenty-four cooks belonging to the kitchen of the Russian court, who are all Russians, and, as people of that nation use a great deal of onions, garlick and train oil, in dressing their meat, and employ linseed and walnut oil for their Lent provisions, there is such an intolerable stink in their kitchens, that no stranger is able to bear it, especially the cooks being such nasty fellows, that the very sight of them is enough to make one sick. These are the men who, on great festivals, dress about seventy or eighty dishes. But the fowls, which are for the Czar's own eating, are very often roasted by his grand marshal, who is running up and down, with his apron before him, amongst the other cooks, till it is time to take up dinner, when he puts on his fine clothes and full-bottomed wig, and helps to serve up the dishes.

The number of persons invited is commonly two or three hundred, though there is room for no more than about an hundred, at four or five tables. But, as there is no place assigned to any body, and none of the Russians are willing to go home with an empty stomach, every body is obliged to seize his chair and hold it with all his force, or he will have it snatched from him.

The Czar being come in, and having chosen a place for himself, there is such scuffling and fighting

for chairs, that nothing more scandalous can be seen in any country ale-house. This the Czar does not mind in the least, nor does he take care for putting a stop to such disorders, pretending that a ceremony, and the formal regulation of a marshal, make company but uneasy and spoil the pleasure of conversation. Several foreign ministers have complained of this to the Czar, and refused to dine any more at court; but all the answer they got was, that it was not the Czar's business to turn master of ceremonies to please foreigners, nor was it his intention to abolish the freedom once introduced. This obliged strangers for the future to follow the Russian fashion of defending the possession of their chairs, by cuffing and boxing their opposers.

The company thus sitting down to table without any manner of grace; they all sit so crowded together, that they have much ado to lift their hands to their mouths; and, if a stranger happens to sit between two Russians, which is commonly the case, he is sure of losing his appetite, though he should have happened to eat nothing for two days before. Carpenters and shipwrights sit next the Czar; but senators, ministers, generals, priests, sailors, buffoons of all kinds, sit pellmell without any distinction.

The first course consists of nothing but cold meats, among which are hams, dried tongues, and the like, which not being liable to such tricks as shall be mentioned hereafter, strangers ordinarily make their whole meal of them, without tasting any thing else, though, generally speaking, every one takes his dinner before-hand at home.

Soups and roasted meats make the second course, and pastry the third.

As soon as one sits down, one is obliged to drink a cup of brandy; after which they ply you with great

glasses full of adulterated tokay, or vitiated wine, and between whiles a bumper of the strongest English beer; by which mixture of liquors, every one of the guests is fuddled before the soup is served up.

The company being in this condition, makes such a noise, racket, and hollowing, that it is impossible to hear one another, or even to hear the musick which is playing in the next room, consisting of all sorts of trumpets and cornets, for the Czar hath no violins; and with this revelling noise and uproar the Czar is extremely diverted, particularly if the guests fall to boxing and get bloody noses.

Formerly the company had no napkins given them, but instead of it they had a piece of very coarse linen given them by a servant, who brought in the whole piece under his arm, and cut off half an ell for every person, which they were at liberty to carry home with them; for it had been observed, that these pilfering guests used constantly to pocket the napkins; but at present two or three Russians must make shift with but one napkin, which they pull and haul for like hungry dogs for a bone.

Each person of the company has but one plate during dinner: so, if some Russian does not care to mix the sauces of the different dishes together, he pours the soup that is left in his plate either into the dish, or into his neighbour's plate, or even under the table; after which he licks his plate clean with his finger, and last of all wipes it with the table-cloth.

The tables are each thirty or forty feet long, and but two and a half broad. Three or four messes of one and the same course are served up to each table. The dessert consists of divers sorts of pastry and fruits; but the Czarina's table is furnished with sweet-meats; however, it is to be observed, that these

sweet-meats are only set out on great festivals for a show, and that the Russians of the best fashion have nothing for their dessert but the produce of the kitchen garden, (as pease, beans, &c.) all raw.

At great entertainments it frequently happens, that nobody is allowed to go out of the room from noon to midnight; hence it is easy to imagine what pickle a room must be in, that is full of people who drink like beasts, and none of whom escape being dead drunk.

They often tie eight or ten young mice in a string, and hide them under green peas, or in such soups as the Russians have greatest appetites to, which sets them a retching and vomiting in a most heartily manner when they come to the bottom and discover the trick. They often bake cats, wolves, ravens, and the like, in their pastries; and when the company have eat them up, they tell them what stuff they have been eating.

The present butler is one of the Czar's buffoons, to whom he has given the name of *Witaschi*, with this privilege, that, if any body else calls him by that name, he has leave to dust them with his wooden sword; if therefore any body, upon the Czar's setting them on, calls out *Witaschi*, and the fellow does not know exactly who it was, he falls beating them all round, beginning with Prince Montzicoff, and ending with the last of the company, without excepting even the ladies, whom he strips of their head-cloths as he does the old Russians of their wigs, which he tramples upon, on which occasion it is pleasant enough to see the variety of their bald pates.

Besides this employment at entertainments, the said *Witaschi* is also surveyor of the ice, and executioner for torturing people, on which occasion he gives them the *knout* himself; and his dexterity in this business has already procured him

above thirty thousand thalers; the sixth part of the confiscated estates being his perquisite. Here follows,

A Course at a Lent Entertainment.

Codlins sour, Fish Pasty.
or
Crabs. Raw Onions,

A Pike, with six
Blackberries, Perches, un- Hazel Nuts.
with boiled, as they
Vinegar. are taken out
Curry. of the pickle. Raw Carrots.

Baked fish, cold.

The Dessert.

Turnips. Raw green Peas.
Horse-beans.
Rye-ears, parched
or fried.

Cucumbers. Parsnips Carrots.

All the above mentioned vegetables are served up raw.—*Bibl. Birch.* 1464.

POLITENESS:

Politeness (says an essayist) is the miniature of virtue; it is benevolence, active in little things. True; but a miniature-painter self-draws well in large; and a colossal painter can seldom finish a miniature.

EPIGRAM,

On a Variation of Beethoven's to a simple Air.

By DR. WOLCOT.

THE devil take thy variation
Of musick, what a mutilation!
Such multitudes of noisy notes,
That make one think the author dotes
Quaver and demi-semiquaver—
Without one grain of Fancy's flavour,
Which madness' self alone could coin,
Mere mince-meat of a nice sir-loin!

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

BALLAD.

THE Minstrel came from beyond the sea,
And weary with his toil was he;
But wearied more, that in one long year
No news of his lady he could hear.

By land and sea he had wander'd far,
With Hope alone for a guiding star;
Yet had he been so tempest tost,
That oft the guiding star was lost.

Safe from the land, safe from the main,
Again he has reached his native Spain;
And he feels of its sun the blessed glow,
And inhales new life, as its breezes blow.

Yet he will not stop, nor he will not stay,
But onward goes, by night and by day;
Till at length he has reach'd that fateful spot,
Ne'er from the parting hour forgot.

There—and he dare no farther go
To seek what he dies, yet dreads; to know;
And he lingers to the moonlight hour,
When that lady lov'd to sing in her bower.

Oh! will this dazzling sun ne'er fade,
This sky ne'er soften into shade;
Longer than all that came before,
Will never this joyless day be o'er!

Faded, at last the sun's red ray
Softened the sky to cloudless gray;

The longest noon must have its night,—
And o'er the bower the moon rose bright.

Roses are wavering in its beam,
As thro' their foliage zephyrs stream;
Perfumes are floating on the air,
But no sweet song is singing there.

He listens—listens—but in vain,
From that low bower there breathes no strain:

“Yet may she come”—for Hope will stay,
Even till her last star fades away.

“Yet may she come”—no more—no more,—
The dreamings of thy heart be o'er:
Who slumbers the long sleep of rest,
Is dull to the voice she once lov'd best.

A ray within the green bower shone,
It danced upon a funeral stone;
There sculptured was a well-known name,
The name most dear—the same—the same!

That night, and o'er lost hope he mourn'd;
But ere again the hour return'd,
Had parted from his native shore
An exile—to return no more.

Yet, as he left that bower of woe,
That all of his constancy might know,
A ringlet of hair on that grave he bound,
A chain of gold round that pillar he wound.

ISABEL D.